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OPENING OF THE OPERA SEASON — DRILLING THE MERRY VILLAGERS.

STAGE-DIRECTOR TAFT.—Smile! Smile like I do! Smile all—Smile!



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

NOW THAT Dr. Wiley has been beaten, and the Association of State and National Pure Food and Dairy Officers has indorsed the use of benzoate of soda in food products, we trust that housewives all over the land who now are engaged in "putting up" preserves will realize how much better their canned peaches and pears will be if seasoned with a pinch of benzoate, and what a grievous mistake they made by not using it in previous years.

It is some job training a ballet to smile. So Mr. Taft is discovering in the case of the Merry Villagers of our Tariff-saved country. A king of protected industry may grin with great good humor, but the denizen of the wheat-belt finds it hard to make a merry face with the raised price of necessities staring blankly at him. Of course the Taft smile remains, but some time in the next three years even that may wear off.

THE KAISER embraced and kissed Count Zeppelin when the latter sailed his great airship to Berlin. The Kaiser's kisses are for heroes, and Zeppelin deserved them much more than Count Waldersee, the last hero to be thus imperially osculated. Waldersee merely looted a few Chinese temples at the time of the Allied Armies' invasion of China. The Kaiser is now kissing with nicer judgment.

KING EDWARD is benefiting from the cure at Marienbad. He enjoys the Croquet Club, from which visitors are excluded in order to afford him privacy.—*Cable Item.*

Enjoys the Croquet Club! How William the Conqueror or Richard of the Lion Heart would relish a glimpse of their illustrious successor.

AS ALWAYS, Wall Street needs automobiles and summer palaces and chorus girls, wherefore the high financiers are filling the air with the usual Fall Rumors. Again the Lambs will listen to the Rumors, and be allured and be shorn of all they have, and the Lord will not temper the wind to these particular shorn lambs.

The Rumor from Wall Street is Rumor with a purpose. It is inspired to entrap the unwary and compass the downfall of the wise. Once set free it runs its full course, whispering mad ambitions to clerks and capitalists, grandfathers and college boys. And the end of it all is another boost in the fortunes of the men of Wall Street.

"THERE are no dives in New York," says our old friend, Acting-Mayor McGowan. "Show me one and I will wipe it out of existence."

No dives in New York! What's that, Mr. Acting Mayor? Have you ever looked into the saloons on Park Row? the five-cent whisky places? the holes on the Bowery where a ten-dollar bill is as good as a death-warrant? Have you ever talked this subject over with any of Tammany's lodging-house constituents? with charity workers? with slum missionaries? with police reporters? No dives in New York!

But perhaps Acting-Mayor McGowan has said this merely for the rhetorical effect of such a statement. In that case it is to be hoped that the remark will not be taken in earnest by those dive-keepers who contribute so regularly to Tammany's campaign funds.

THE POPE has given his American motor-car to Cardinal Merry del Val. There is no affiliation, we trust, between Merry and Joy riding.

AN AUTOMOBILE running into an English regiment killed one soldier and wounded seven more. Peace hath her victories no less than war.



KILLING THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS.



THE ETERNAL QUESTION;
OR, THE BASHFUL MONKEY'S METHOD OF POPPING.

OUR AMBASSADOR TO ST. JAMES.

IT IS GOING to be more and more a matter of delicacy to select just the right man among us to go and "hang the expense" near the court of His Majesty, the King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith. We are a proud and sensitive people, especially in view of the recent cruise of our battleships, and the expense, by that, hung round the world; and we shall ill endure being discredited abroad. Certainly no mere academic celebrity will fill the bill. What does the average scholar, in his cloister, get to know about hanging the expense in any manner to carry weight?

LITERARY CONVENTIONS.

IF STORIES founded on two men looking just alike are indeed beginning to pall, as may well happen,—since we, like the Athenians, are always looking for some new thing,—why, then, are there not forthcoming stories founded on three men looking just alike, or four, or five, or as many as may be needful in order to import the esteemed element of originality? We've long had the three-ring circus, and literature does n't look well lagging behind the show business in respect of wholesome enterprise.

If it be objected that nature affords no instance of so many men looking just alike, the answer to that is obvious: As between a paying public and the mirror to nature, a judicious art will naturally choose to hold up the former.



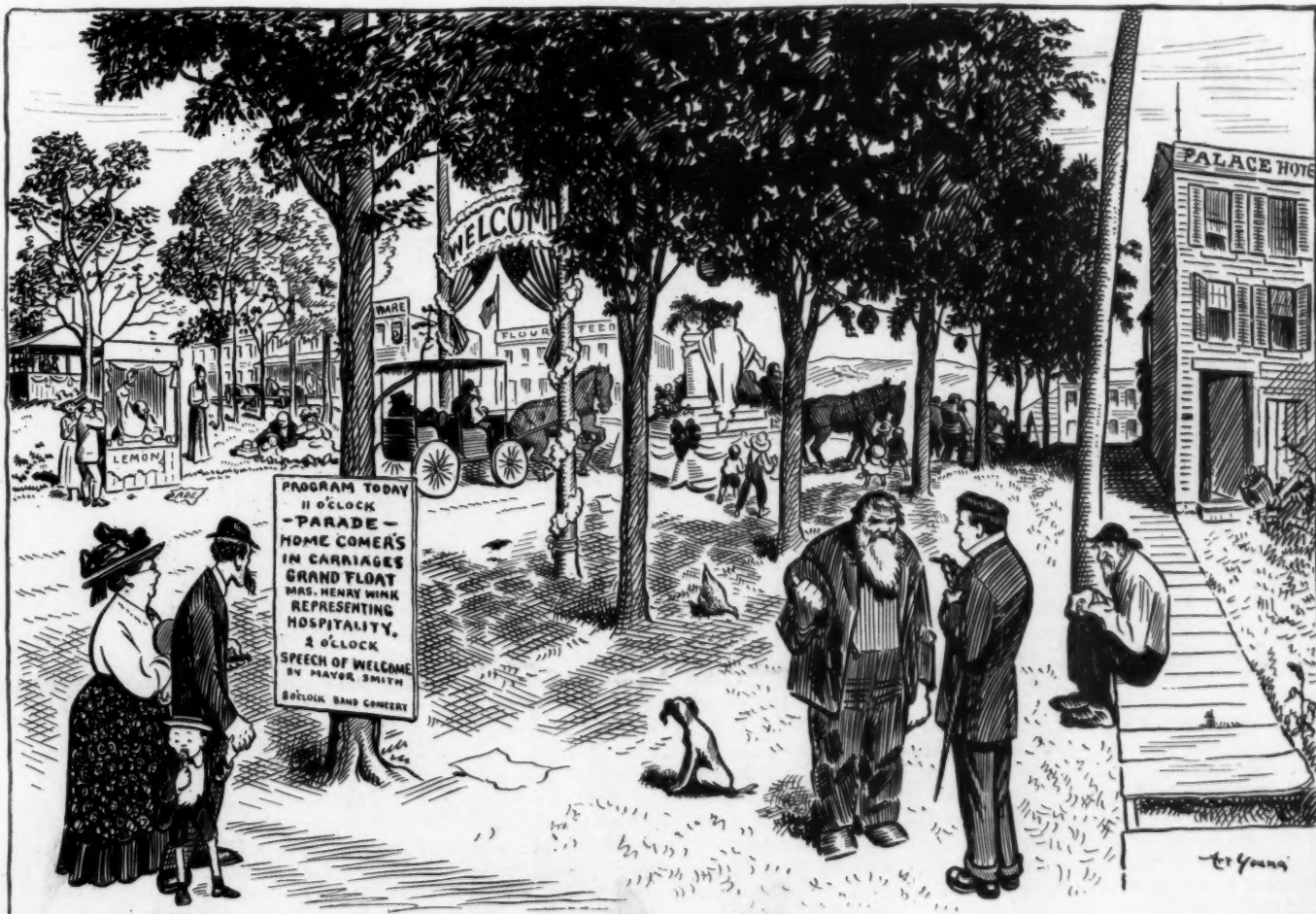
THE POET'S CORNER.

FOOLISHNESS.

A LITTLE FOOL of seventeen wed a rich fool of sixty-five winters. "Because she was nobody's fool," quoth the worldly wise. But presently there happened along a poor fool of twenty, and the little fool, being such a fool, became his. Whereupon everybody's folly was apparent, and made the usual amount of talk.

FATHER AND SON.

"WHAT do you figure is the result of a college education?" "The young man learns to yell for the money, and the old man to whistle for it!"



OLD-HOME WEEK AT STONYRIDGE.

STRANGER IN THEIR MIDST.—This home-coming celebration is n't very much of a success, is it?
CITIZEN.—Well, ye see, we got a pretty cold deal—the only feller who come home was old Bill Skinner, an' most of us was hopin' he'd gone for good.



THE ABSENT-MINDED FAMILY.

INFORMAL RECEPTION ORGANIZED BY "THE BUTCHER, THE BAKER, AND THE CANDLESTICK-MAKER" IN HONOR OF THE FAMILY'S RETURN TO TOWN.

WANDERLUST.

HE LONG, lean, and sallow man in the seat in front of me on "the accommodation" turned half-way 'round with one long arm in a shabby sleeve thrown out across the back of the seat. He shifted a generous cud of tobacco from one cheek to the other, then he dived one hand down into his trousers' pocket and drew forth a thick "plug" which he held out toward me, saying as he did so:

"Have a chew?"

"No, thank you; I don't use it."

"No? Smoke?"

"No."

"Wise man. I bet you I have chewed an' smoked up enough tobaccor to buy almost any farm we've rid by to-day. Turrible expensive habit once it gits a real strong hold on a feller. I begun when I was nine years old an' been at it ever sence. Talk about tobaccor bein' unhealthy!

Here I been usin' it fifty-one years, an' ain't ever had a doctor in that time. My ole mother is livin', an' she's smoked anywhere from six to sixteen pipes o' tobaccor a day for the last sixty odd years an' she's as wiry an' healthy to-day as ever they make 'em. Turrible smart ole lady for eighty-five. Sprintin' four miles to town an' back to buy her tobaccor every week ain't no stunt fer her at all, an' she kin do more work in one day than some o' the young gen'ration kin do in three. She says it's because of her tobaccor. My dad was jus' like her. He chewed an' smoked up a farm or two, an' I reckon he'd been livin' yit if a cussed mawl he owned had n't of kicked him into the glory land one day when he was seventy-seven. Goin' fur?"

"Not very. Only to Springfield."

"That's where I'm bound fur. Just goin' there to stop a few days with a sort of a forty-second cousin o' mine that I went out to Calaforny with thirty-odd years ago when we was both young and full o' sap an' thought what we did n't know had n't never been told. He's teamin' in Springfield. Great feller fur hosses. Hite of his ambition has been to own a liv'ry-stable, but he ain't come to it yit. If he should have nine or ten millions left him I bet you the fust thing he'd do would be to buy a liv'ry barn an' settle down in it. Good feller, but no 'count 'ceptin' to work 'round hosses. I reckon it's what you call hereditary in him, for his father was a hoss-doctor an' his mother was a circus-rider. Him an' me had a hotel once out in Arizony, but all he was good fur was to look after the hoss end o' the bizness. Ever been out in Arizony?"

"Never."

"Purty good country, but too many extremes in weather to suit me. It'll be ninety-two below zero in January an' a hundred an' ninety in the shade in June. I like a climate a little more meejum. Purty even climate in Colorado. Always sunshine. I liked it fairly well out there. I run a rest'rant in Cripple Creek six months, an' then sold it to go into the chicken bizness in Kansas. Mighty little money in hens. An averidge ole hen will eat twice the value of all the aigs she'll lay. Six months was all I wanted of the hen bizness. I sold out fur fifty dollars less than the outfit cost me, an' opened a pool-room in Kansas City, but I did n't like the confinement of a bizness like that. It's as bad as the barberin' bizness. I tried that three months once in a minin'-camp in Nevady, an' lost thutty pounds in flesh an' got so nervous I could n't hold a razor stiddy enough to scrape the down off a kid o' eighteen. Then I tried brak'in' it on a railroad out in Ioway an' gave it up after I'd tumbled from a freight-car an' broke my leg an' two or three ribs an' swallowed three or four o' my teeth. Ever railroad any?"

Some people sympathize with us in our troubles because they can't think of anything that hurts more.

PUCK

"I never did."
 "Don't. That's all I ever says when any one asks me about railroadin'. Of course, if you can railroad the way ole Peerpont Morgan an' the Gouldses an' that raft does, it's diff'runt from brak'in' it on a freight, fur all they does is to cut off the kewpons the brakeman earns. I seen Jay Gould once. Stood within six feet o' him. Wa'n't no great shakes to look at, but he wa'n't nobody's fool. Ever been down Floridy way?"

"No; never."

"I tried the orange bizness down there, but didn't come out very well. A partner o' mine an' me cleaned up five thousand each in an Idaho mine, an' we was fools enough to blow it all in on a Floridy orange grove. Our trees friz down three times, an' we thought we was lucky to sell the bare ground fur five hundred dollars. I'd read how you could buy a hull farm fur two hundred dollars in Vermont, so I went there to git one. Well, by heck, if two dollars would n't of been high for any farm I saw for sale at five hundred! Up there in Vermont they call four or five acres o' rocks an' a acre o' graveyard an' a hen-run a farm. Out West we would n't think that a New England farm was big enough for a cow-yard or a hen-run. I worked one Summer on a Nebraska farm with a cornfield so big that it took me from six in the mornin' until noon to plow to the end o' one furrow, an' all afternoon to plow back on the other furrow. I offered one old codger in Vermont three dollars and seventy-five cents for his farm, an' I believe that if I had made it four dollars he would of taken it. Ever see the wheat-fields in Minnesota?"

"No."

"I lived there a couple o' years, but the climate did n't agree with me very well. Too cold in the winter time. I went from there to Cuby, an' by heck, I got it hot enough down there. I stood it three weeks, an' hit out fur the good old United States, the land o' the free an' the home o' the brave, as the Bible says. I had a brother in Kalamazoo, Michigan, who thought he was about to croak with quick consumption, so I went to pay him a farewell visit. That was thirty-three years ago last Spring, an' he was married to his fourth wife the tenth day o' last May. Had a letter from him last week. He lives out in Montana now, an' he wants me to come out there an' go into the lodgin'-house bizness with him, but I had all I wanted o' that sort o'

thing one winter in Texas. No money in it. Ever cross the briny deep on a cattle-ship?"

"I never did."

"Well, say, my friend, don't you ever do it—not as a cattle-puncher. I tried it once, an' it was the limit of anything I ever struck as a job. A stoker on a ship has a soft snap compared to it. When I landed at Liverpool I swore I'd never cross the water ag'in, but I did n't take to the English nor their ways, an' I hiked back to good old Ameriky in six weeks, an' run a shootin'-gallery at a seashore resort in Maine that Summer. But that ain't no sort of a job for a man to tie to fur life. It ain't a thing you can build up, so in the Fall I went back to Boston an' just sort o' boarded as a guest o' the city that Winter. You see, there's so many charitable societies and benevolent institutions in Boston that a feller kin live comfortable all Winter without doing anything, an' I let 'em feed an' house me as much to oblige 'em as anything else. In the Spring I got on a job as deck-hand on a fruiter going down to Jamaicky, an' sick—jee whizz! You know them fruiterers ain't much bigger than a cat-boat, an' any little swell o' the water sets them to rollin', an' you roll also. I rolled into a bunk, an' they could n't beat nor cuss me out of it until we struck land. But I come back on the next boat. Don't say Jamaicky to me! Hell! Well, if old Satan gits crowded fur room he'd better hire Jamaicky to extend his business in! It would do all right without

no extry heat bein' added. I tell you I was glad to exchange Jamaicky fur the Klondike, where I went the next Summer, an' I—here we are in Springfield. Glad to of met you. You remind me some of a man I met once out in the Yellowstone Park—no, it

was up on Mount Rainier in Seattle. We went to Salt Lake City together. He was one o' these restless critters that never stay put long. Them kind never amount to much. I got a cousin like that. I talked right up to him last time I saw him an' told him that he'd end in bein' a reg'lar tramp if—here we are. Glad to know you. I may go from here to Montreal for the Winter. Glad to have you look me up if you come that way. Good-by."

Max Merryman.

BINKS.—I ate in the wash-tub to-day.

JINKS.—Some new fad of yours?

BINKS.—No, but it was the driest place in the house. My wife was doing the washing to-day.



LOST IN THE DESERT.

THE FLY.—Saved! Saved! An oasis!!



IF THEY'D HAD A CUSTOM-HOUSE AT BAGDAD.

SINBAD THE SAILOR.—Allah be my witness, I'll never go on another voyage!

ELEGY IN A LIT'RY CHURCHYARD.

Now I see why poetry's decaying;
Now I know why fiction's on the blink.
Though the lit'ry crops are big and paying,
Hard times rule the realms of thought
and ink.
'T is n't that the Age is money-dizzy;
Here's the reason for our sorry plight:
All our budding geniuses are busy
Writing books on how to write books right.

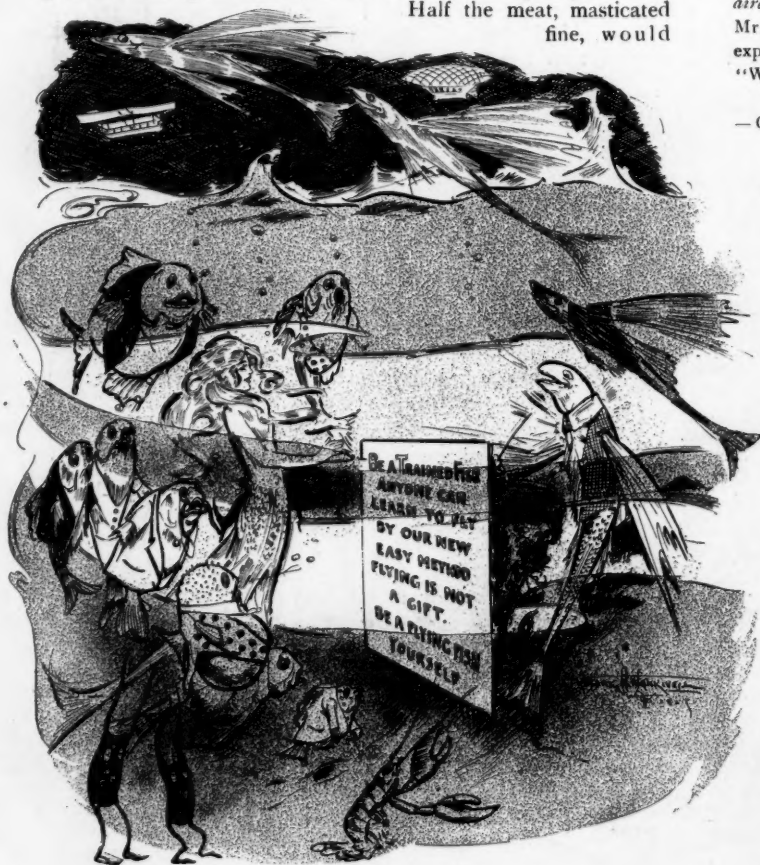
Lit'rychure is being too-much rescued;
Lit'rychure is being ultra-saved.
Could you gaze this moment on my desk you'd
Realize why authorship's depraved:
Forty books on "How to Write a Poem";
Sixty-two on "Fiction Taught at Night";
Where the deuce am I to read or throw 'em —
All the books on how to write books right?

Think what these prolific educators
Could produce, if they but had the time!
They would doom the race of second-raters,
If they'd write, instead of teaching, rhyme.
I might save the Age from lit'ry slumber,
And I would, with generous delight,
If two "rules" agreed in all the number
Of these books on how to write books right.

Chester Firkins.

AS TO FIVE FEET OF BOOKS.

WHAT WON'T fat will fill, saith the adage, and filling
it is that chiefly concerns us, not only in respect
of foodstuffs, but literature as well. That's why five feet
of books won't do. The amount of it is, we've got to be
pleasantly engaged, and with our advance in culture chewing-
gum is n't enough—hence the need of books, and plenty of them.
Half the meat, masticated
fine, would



SEA SHARPS.



HIS FAVORITE VOLUME.

MAGAZINE WRITER (to eminent million-
aire).—I represent the *Monthly Demonstrator*,
Mr. Goldbonds. Will you give us, please, an
expression of your views for our popular series,
"What Book Has Influenced Me Most"?

MR. GOLDBONDS (reaching in desk drawer).
—Certainly I will, young man. Glad to.

THIS!

afford twice the nutriment, but nutriment is about the last
thing we think of. Five feet of books means mental Fletcher-
ism, and any kind of Fletcherism
is a bore.

No, we shall still demand
our yards and rods and
miles of books that
swallow easily and keep
us comfortably dis-
tended.

PERENNIAL.

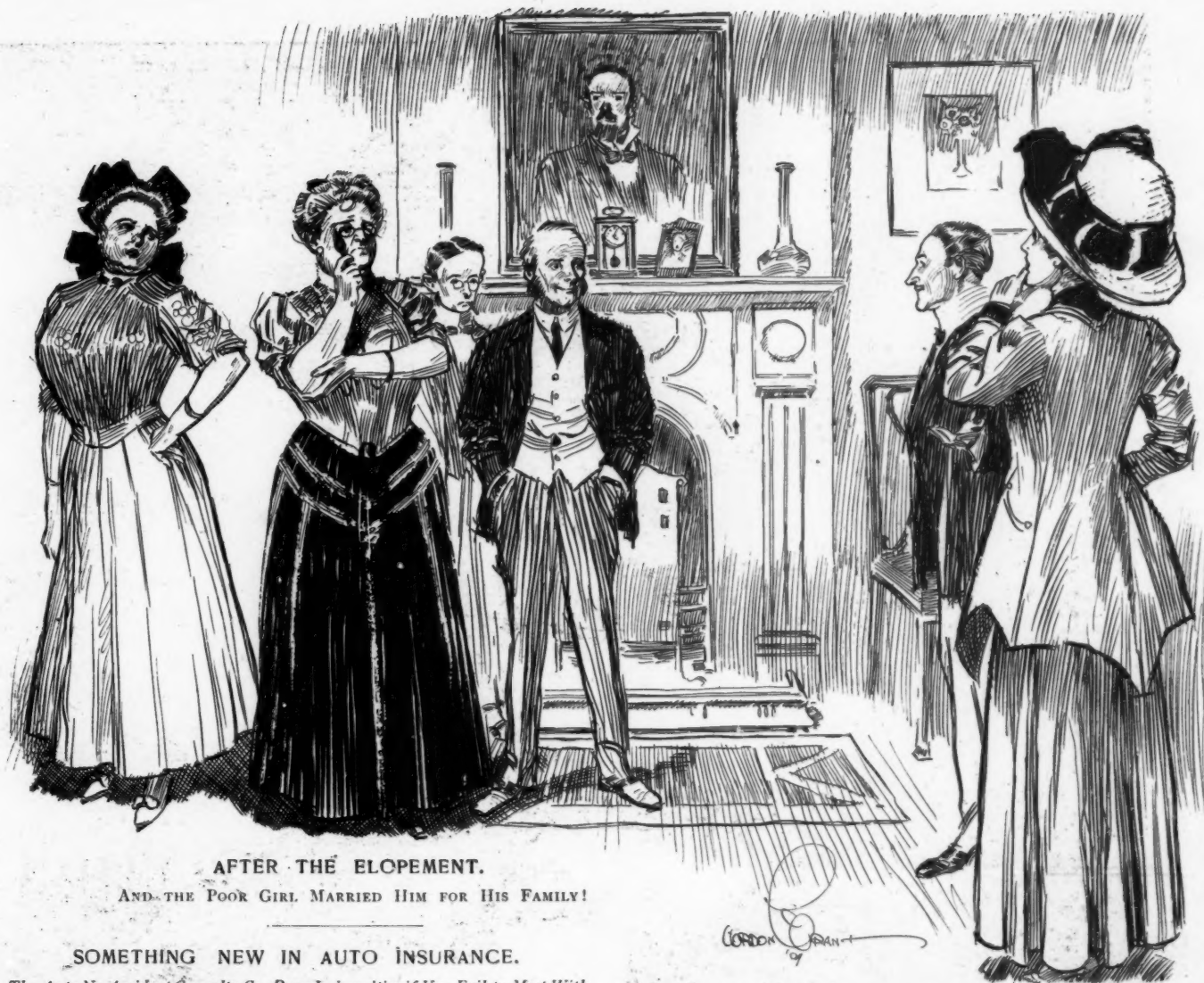
IT GROWS in likeli-
hood that the
submerged tenth will
prove to be about
the last of its various
tenths which society
may dispense with.
And if this be so,
does it mean that
starving is a neces-
sary, if not a very reputable vocation, the economic impor-
tance of which is none the less real because it subtly eludes
all but the very discerning eye?

The world is queer—there's far more sin and sorrow in
it than is good for business. Are we then to believe that
business is n't everything? That is a gloomy view of human
destiny, but candor may yet compel its general acceptance by
mankind at large.



LOVERS' LEAP.

Whether the sheath-gown means a step in the right direction or the wrong
does n't much matter, because it means such a short step anyway.



AFTER THE ELOPEMENT.

AND THE POOR GIRL MARRIED HIM FOR HIS FAMILY!

SOMETHING NEW IN AUTO INSURANCE.

The Auto No-Accident Casualty Co. Pays Indemnities if You Fail to Meet With Accidents.



DO you get real utility from your motor-car, or are you one of those disappointed owners who have run an automobile a year and failed to meet with a single accident? If you are one of the disappointed, take out a policy in the Auto No-Accident Casualty Company. Then, failing to meet with accidents while driving your car, and by this failure not receiving an auto enthusiast's satisfaction, you receive an indemnity. Look at the figures following. They show how the owner of one of our five-dollar gilt-edge automobile policies, failing to meet with accidents during a year, is handsomely rewarded for the excitement and pleasure thus denied him. His indemnities from the Company will provide sufficient funds wherewith to purchase for next season's use an improved-model car capable of producing better results. Look at the indemnities accruing in a single year:

For failure to run down chickens policyholder is awarded	\$50.00
For failure to hit young pig policyholder is awarded	100.00
" " " upset brewery-wagon " " "	150.00
" " " crash into trolley-car " " "	500.00
" " " collide with train " " "	700.00
" " " maim or kill pedestrian " " "	1,000.00

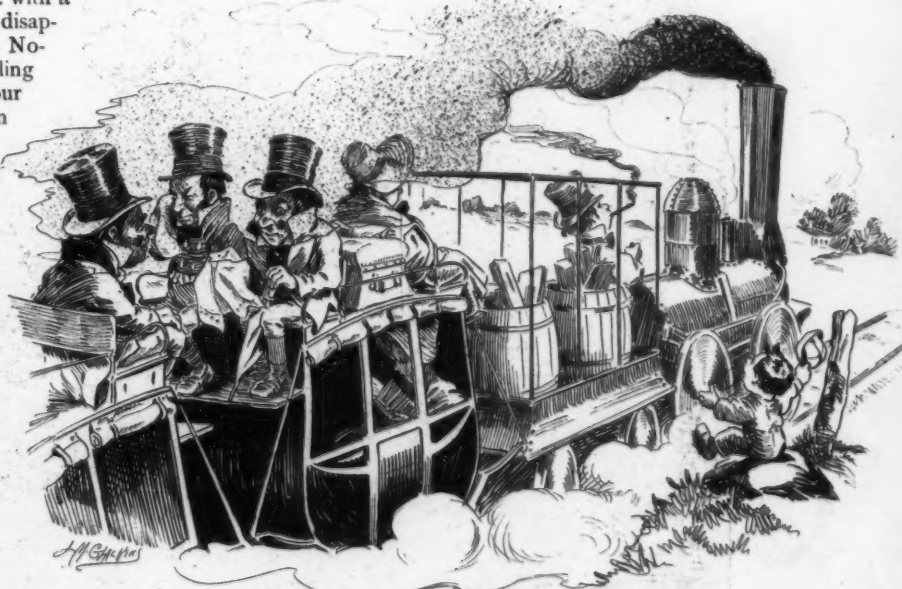
Total indemnities accruing to unfortunate autoist....\$2,500.00

We dissipate the danger of despair from failure. Address the home office, and our solicitor will call.

THE AUTO NO-ACCIDENT CASUALTY COMPANY.

Don Kahn.

A WOMAN'S notion of making her husband's money go as far as possible is to trot all over the shopping district with it, but bring none of it home.



BEHIND THE DE WITT CLINTON.

ANCIENT PESSIMIST.—Is n't this smoke and dirt something fearful!

ANCIENT OPTIMIST.—Oh, cheer up! I understand in a year or two the engines will burn a substance called soft coal, which they say will do away with the smoke nuisance entirely.



THE PUCK MAGAZINE

DAME RUMOR.
THE WITCH OF WALL STREET.

PUCK



PUCK

DE AMICITIA.

WHOEVER has money, has friends; and whoever, having money, keeps it, he keeps his friends likewise.

A friend in need is a friend indeed; if you help him out of his need, no telling what he'll be. The man who never is, but always to be, blessed is about the last man to forget the source of his blessings.

WHAT, INDEED!

"**W**HAT are the newspapers coming to?" demanded Mr. Seaver, as he dashed his favorite daily to the floor.

"What's the matter now?" sweetly asked his wife.

"Ghost of Boswell! Two days now, and no body-found-in-a-trunk mystery. Huh!"

TWO OF A KIND.

MRS. BOGGS.—I hate to have a man always complaining about some little thing. Now, my husband is continually harping on the lace-curtains.

MRS. WOGGS.—Yes, and my husband has been kicking on our front door every morning at three o'clock for the past twenty years.

A WISE CHILD.

ONCE UPON a Time, there was a Little Boy who had been taught to use Tact and Diplomacy whenever they would at least do just as well as the plain, unpleasant Truth. Moved by this commendable Spirit, he walked into the Parlor one day while his Mother was entertaining Company, and cried out before them all:

"Oh, Mamma! The Cook has shot Papa! Come here, quick!"

This, without interpretation, may seem to have been brutal Unequivocality rather than diplomatic Ambiguity, but when it is understood that in reality it was the Man of the House who had shot the Cook, it will at once be seen that the Lad rose to the Emergency like a Hero, and softened the Blow with marvelous Perspicacity in one so Young.

Moral: From this we should Learn that the Worst is generally Yet to Come.

ACCORDING TO ANNA.

[DR. ANNA SHAW, ADVOCATING WOMEN FOR THE POLICE FORCE, SAYS THAT THE CRIMINAL NEEDS "MOTHERING."]



Peek-a-boo! I see 'oo—
'Oo—an' not any uzzer!
Peek-a-boo! 'Es, it 's 'oo—
Tryin' to hide from muzzer.

Muzzer's mad, 'tause oo's bad,
'Tause 'oo smells so beery!
But don't 'oo cry! Wipe um's eye!
Muzzer loves 'oo, dearie!

Muzzer see! Doodness me!
Hoity-toity-tanty!
Awful chap! Muzzer slap!
Naughty! Naughty! Naughty!

AN ILL WIND.

CRAWFORD.—This long dry spell must be bad for the farmers. **CRABSHAW.**—I suppose so; but just think what a blessing it has been to the fellows who bought those \$4.99 summer suits.

SHE GOT THE MITTEN.

UNCLE AB TANSY's wife had been dead six months, and Uncle Ab was already beginning to "take notice" of various eligible women in the neighborhood. One day he stopped at Jase Bender's house on his way home from the village. His Sunday blacks and other palpable evidences of being "fixed up" led Jase to say, with the easy freedom of speech that obtains in the rural districts:

"Well, Uncle Ab, you look as if you had been courtin'. I hear that you think some of tying up with the Widow Broome."

"Not much I don't!" said Uncle Ab with decision. "I've just give her the mitten, that's what I have, by jacks, an' I don't take it back!"

"That so? She's a right likely woman, an' they say—"

"Huh! A right likely woman!" said Uncle Ab with a snort. "You call a woman that who comes at you with a dipper o' ice water, an' douses you from head to foot when you propose to her, an' then makes for you with a broom, an' her teeth set like a hyeny, an' batters you over the head with the hard end o' the broom, an' says she'll set the dogs on you if you ever show your face at her house ag'in?"

Well, that's the way Kate Broome has acted with me, an', by jacks, I give her the mitten right then an' thar! I ain't wantin' to marry bad enough to want to tie up with a cattymount, an' any woman that acts as she did with me is goin' to get the mitten ev'ry time. Now you hear me!"

SOCIETY TACTICS.

"**I** SUPPOSE the deacons in your church pass the plate?"

"Yes; they even go so far as to cut it absolutely dead. I've never yet seen any of them put in a cent!"

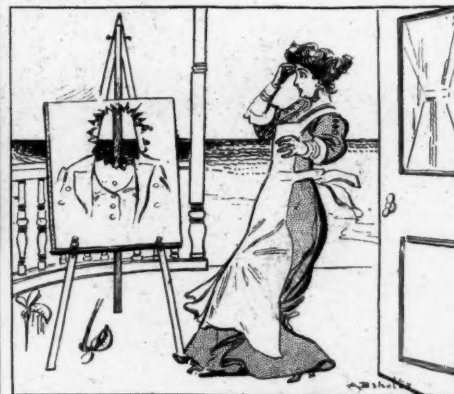
BITTEN BY THE ART BUG; OR, THE DANGERS OF, TOO MUCH REALISM.



I.



II.



III.

THE AUTUMNAL OPTIMIST.



AIL the jolly town again,
After Summer's pleasure!
Bath-tubs, theatres, and MEN—
Oh, they are a treasure!
Autumn lights can give the wood
No electric letter.
Central Park is just as good;
Broadway lights are better.

Mountain air is growing chill;
Bleak the ocean breezes;
But the city's vale and hill
Brighten when it freezes.
Who'd prefer a cricket's drone
To a trolley's thudding?
Or a rose to urban-grown
Débutantes a-budding?

Half her throat a chestnut hue,
Half as white as plaster,
Fair Flurette must dye or do
Stunts with alabaster.
Horse Show soon to town will bring
All the fashion-moulders;
But, alas! her "tan-bark ring"
Mars Flurette's shoulders!

Who would follow fickle Dan
Cupid on an outing?
Here he shoots to bag his man,
Not for future flouting.
True, we are not yet bereft
Of the "Cheer up" gurglers;
But we're glad the house was left
By the Summer burglars.

Chester Firkins.

CULTURE.

CULTURE has given us the thinking man in place of the thoughtless man. It is no longer enough simply to feed the brute—his prejudices have to be fed as well.

"Things," says Bishop Butler, "are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be. Why, then, should we desire to be deceived?"

Briefly, in order that we may preserve our independent views. It was different in Butler's day, but now that culture is generally diffused, the wonder is that publishers find a profit in printing anything but misinformation of one sort or another.

FOOLS.

WOMEN make great fools of themselves eating too much, and a great fool is at an enormous disadvantage, the way the styles are. However, so uncertain are the conditions of life that the woman who avoids starchy foods, takes long walks, and breathes deeply, may or may not be a little fool.



ANOTHER INSTANCE.

FOX (very sore).—If I'd robbed a bank last night instead of a hen-roost, you bet there'd be no bloodhounds on my track!



THE NEEDLE'S EYE OUTDONE.

MEEK LITTLE CLERGYMAN (on the end seat).—I should n't wonder if a rich man could get into the Kingdom, after all.

Among men, it used to be thought, there was no fool like an old fool, but now that we are mostly dying soon after we reach the age of fifty this is seen to have been a mistake.

What the fool saith in his heart he is more and more apt to put in a novel, thus to uphold the level of literary production. Moreover, by being so soon parted from his money, he is the spring at once of trade and the smart set, to keep them going. How, then, should we manage without him?

Ramsey Benson.

WELL-TUTORED.

ALL SUMMER the lover has been on the rack,
And he is not happy precisely
To find that the girl he's engaged to comes back
With a wonderful gift to kiss nicely.

SUMMER CHARGES.

MRS. MEEKTON (boastingly).—I always leave my valuables in the hotel safe while we are at a summer resort.

MR. MEEKTON (on the side).—And I always leave my valuables in the hotel safe when we come away!

RATHER FASCINATING.

CRAWFORD.—How did that young writer figure that literature affords such a fine field?

CRABSHAW.—He says that there are 24,000 periodicals published in this country, and if he makes only a dollar a year from each he will soon be a millionaire.

We can't expect to be very comfortable in the possession of life so long as we are so very unwilling to give it up.

POPULAR SONGS.

Softly! Do not wake him from his slumber
calm and deep,
Let the touch of dreamland 'round about his
visage creep,
Tread with gentle pressure as you tiptoe to
his bed,
Mother, get the hammer; there's a fly on
father's head!
—Los Angeles Express.

"He is a self-made man, I am
told."

"Quite true; but his mother-in-law
insists on making some alterations."—
Birmingham Age-Herald.

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"Drink it for
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BOARDER.—At half-past five, please.

C. B.-H. K.—Jes' so. Wake me at ha'-pas' four, will ye, an'
I'll be sure to have ye up in good season.

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HOMEOPATHIC DOCTOR (*meeting an old-school physician with a gun under his arm*).—Ah! doctor, bound to fetch your patient this time, I see! Must be pretty tough if you can't kill him without a gun.

OLD-SCHOOL PHYSICIAN (*who is after ducks, sarcastically*).—Better wait till you know what you are talking about. The man I'm going to see has one leg filled with bird-shot, and I'm going to try a homeopathic prescription on him—shoot the other leg full of the same kind of shot and see if that won't cure him.—*Exchange.*

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ARIZONA STORE-KEEPER.—Industrious! Say, the moment I left the store, he cleaned up the Cash Register.

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Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your
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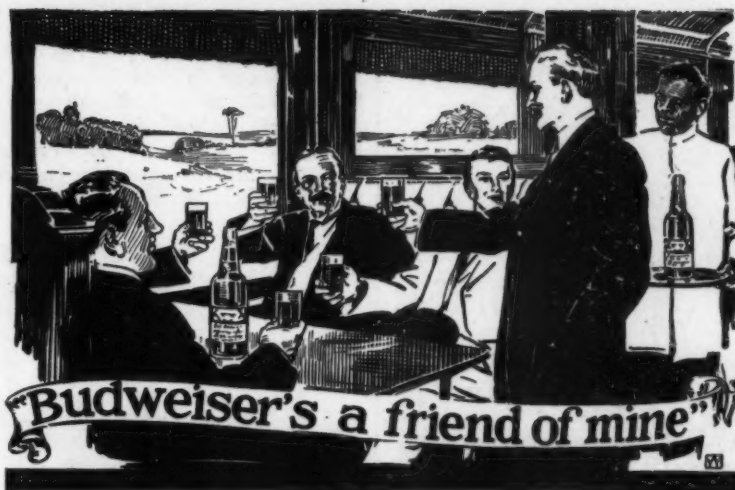
COMPETITION.

"Ma faither's a sojer," said a Scotch lassie.

"An' ma faither, too," said her playmate.

"Ah! but ma faither's a brave mon. He's been in war, an' he's got a hale gang o' medals. An' he's got the Victoria Cross. The King pinned it on him wi' his ain hand!" breathlessly announced lassie number one.

"An' ma faither's braverer!" cried the other little one. "He's been in dozens o' wars, an' he's got gangs and gangs o' medals an' Victoria Crosses. An' he's got a bonnie wudden leg, an'" —with a triumphant shriek—"the King nailed it on wi' his own hands."—*Tit-Bits.*



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OUT TO-DAY!

RATHER ROUGH.

GUNNER.—And now comes a professor who declares that fruit is just as healthy with the skin on as it is peeled.

GUYER.—H'm! I'd like to see somebody start him on a diet of pineapples.—*Chicago News.*

REASSURING.

Mr. Brown and his family were standing in front of the lion cage.

"John," said Mrs. Brown, "if those animals were to escape, whom would you save first—me or the children?"

"Me," answered John, without hesitation.—*Everybody's.*

"Some fish ate the bait right off my hook," she said.

"Cheer up. He'll be all the bigger when you do catch him," he responded, encouragingly.—*Buffalo Express.*

MISS HUNT.—I did n't know that Miss Flash was a college graduate, did you?

MISS BLUNT.—To be sure I did. She is one of the aluminum of Vassar.—*Boston Courier.*



IN WINTER

IT'S A COLD,

IN SUMMER

IT'S BOWEL
COMPLAINT

Be good to your poor old stomach
these hot days and restless nights.
Don't ask it to assimilate raw,
rank, nondescript whiskies. Give
it good, pure, gentle old

I. W. HARPER
FIRST AID TO DIGESTION

SAFE AND SANE.

"Do you take this woman for better
or worse?"

"I do, jedge, I do. But I hopes
we kin kinder strike an average."—
Washington Herald.

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable
polish to all metals, but the polish

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wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George
William Hoffman, 200 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

AN AQUATIC LION.

There was a circus in a Mississippi
River town, and a drummer, who was
in a town four miles farther down the
river, wanted to get to it. The steam-
boat had left and there was no rig to
be had. The drummer went to the
river and there found a negro sitting
in a skiff.

"Is that your boat?" he asked the
negro.

"Yassir."

"Want to rent it?"

"Yassir."

"How much for the afternoon? I
want to go up to the circus."

"Bout foah bits, boss."

"All right. Can you row?"

"What's dat?"

"Can you row?"

"No, suh. 'Deed, I cain't do nuffin'
laik dat, boss."

"Well, dodgast you, get in the stern
there. You can do that, can't you?"

"Yassir."

The drummer took the oars, and
after he had rowed about two miles
against the current was tuckered out.

He threw down the oars and said:
"I can't pull this boat another inch.
I don't care if I never get to that cir-
cus. You're a fine boatman not to be
able to row."

The negro looked at the drummer
with quickening intelligence. "Does
you mean you wanted me to pull dem
oars, boss?"

"Sure, I do. I asked you if you
could row and you said you could n't."

"'Deed, boss," said the negro, "I
thought you done ast me could I roah
—roah laik a lion."—*Saturday Even-
ing Post.*

"Do you remember the first dollar
you ever earned, Sam?"

"'Deed I does, boss; my wife guv
it t' me."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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We point to the difference between the
positively and absolutely safe Iver John-
son Safety Automatic Revolver and the imi-
tation near-safeties. They have some device
added to them to make them near-safe. The safety feature of
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perfect safety—not near-safety—kick it, cuff it, knock it, or

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Hammer the Hammer.

ONE ON THE GOAT.

A little boy, accompanied by his mother, encountered a belligerent-looking
goat in a narrow path. To the boy's terrified objections to going forward,
his mother replied:

"Why, Willie, don't you know that there is no such thing as bodily pain,
and that it is foolish for the goat to try and hurt you?"

At that the boy rejoined:

"Yes, mother, I know it, and you know it; but the goat don't know it!"
—*The Bellman.*

CORRECTED.

"Majah," announced the Colonel, "I'll bet I've sweat no less than seven-
teen gallons!"

"Begging your pardon, Kunnel," returned the Major, desisting from a
long libation, "gentlemen don't sweat; they perspire. Horses sweat."

"Well, then," returned the now irritated Colonel, glaring at the calm and
contented critic of his diction, "by gad, suh, I'm a hoss!"—*Courier-Journal.*

"WHAT do you find the hardest work connected with farming?"

"Collecting a board-bill from you city chaps when it's due!"—*Eve. World.*

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The World's Best Bitters



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THE MEANING.

"What is the meaning of platonic affection?" he inquired.

She wrinkled her pretty nose disdainfully.

"Its usual meaning," she replied, "is that the young man who talks about it can't afford to marry."—*Exchange.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

NOT HER FAULT.

KATIE.—Say, auntie, dear, you're an old maid, ain't you?

AUNTIE (*hesitatingly*).—Yes; but it isn't nice to ask such questions.

KATIE.—Now, don't be mad, auntie. I know it isn't your fault.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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POP.

SHE.—I'm living on brown bread and water to improve my complexion.

HE.—How long can you keep it up?

SHE.—Oh, indefinitely, I guess.

HE.—Then let's us get married.—*Boston Transcript.*

A BUSINESS CONFERENCE.

"The boss called me in consultation to-day," declared the office-boy.

"G'wan."

"Fact. He had a dispute with the junior partner as to who wuz leadin' the league just now in battin'."—*Kansas City Journal.*

FIRST KID.—De umpire in de big baseball games gits big money fer umpirin' games.

SECOND KID.—Yes, but den it all goes for life insurance.—*N. Y. Telegraph.*

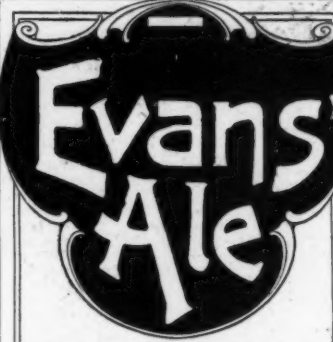
MARY.—I'm positive Fred loves me and intends to make me his wife.

HELEN.—Why? Has he proposed yet?

MARY.—No. But he dislikes mother more and more every time he sees her.—*Jugend.*

A LOVE-SMITTEN youth who was studying the approved method of proposal asked one of his bachelor friends if he thought that a young man should propose to a girl on his knees.

"If he does n't," replied his friend, "the girl should get off!"—*Everybody's.*



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"WHAT sort of a chap is he?"

"Well, he's one of those fellows who think that anything mean is a joke if it isn't on him."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"THIS popular fiction is all rot. In real life the girl's father seldom objects to the man of her choice." "You're wrong there. He often objects, but he's usually too wise to say anything."—*Kansas City Journal.*

HE.—Do you know that as long as I have known you I have never seen you dressed in white?

SHE.—Indeed! Are you, then, so partial to the color?

HE.—Not exactly that; but whenever I see a girl dressed in white I am always tempted to kiss her.

SHE.—Will you excuse me for a quarter of an hour?—*Exchange.*



STILLING THE POPULAR CLAMMER.

"Diggin' 'em I got chilled, and all smelled up, too."

"I see, cold and clammy."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
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50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

DRY GROUND.

A young man who lived in Chicago was drinking more than was good for him. His friends tried to stop him, but failed.

Finally, one of them took him to Peoria, where there are many great distilleries. They arrived about eight o'clock one evening and walked around.

"Now, look here, Jim," said the Good Samaritan friend, "all these big buildings you see here are distilleries. I just brought you down here to show you that your idea you can drink all the whisky made is foolish. You can't beat them. You can't consume what they make, and you'd better quit."


"Maybe I can't consume all they make," the young man replied, "but," he added with much pride, "I'll have you notice I've got them working nights."—*Saturday-Evening Post.*

MASTER.—How was this vase smashed, Mary?

MARY.—If you please, sir, it tumbled down and broke itself.

MASTER.—Humph! The automatic brake again!—*Tit-Bits.*

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM.



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SUNDAY TRAVEL.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is meant by a Sabbath-day's journey?"

"I am afraid, my son, that in many cases it means twice around the golf links."—*Tit-Bits.*

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THE GARDEN WALL.

(An Impressionistic Tone Picture.)

THE yellow moonbeams most discreetly fall
Where stalks the purple tomat on the wall,
And one voluptuous violet ray illumines
The piebald pup who, frantic, frets and fumes
With scarlet rage to scale the darksome steep
And quench the saffron yowls that banish sleep;
But still the lurid ululations call
His pallid sea-green love along the wall.
But, ah! the golden bottle's lethal flight
That parts the soft gray shadows of the night.
And with a final parti-colored crash
Blends pup and cats in one chromatic hash.

W. B.